

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVII. No. 8

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

NOVEMBER 21, 1926

EVER since the *Mayflower* had dropped anchor beside Cape Cod one November day, the women had been planning something. As they moved about the cabin at their work, one might hear snatches of their conversation.

"'Tis high time — in my opinion," stated Mistress Eaton. "If you had three children seemingly bent on soiling their clothes —!" Mistress Allerton threw up both hands expressively.

"In truth, I have — besides the baby," Elizabeth Hopkins reminded.

"God bless him," murmured sweet-faced Mistress Winslow.

At this moment, Mary slipped in among them. "Whom?" she demanded. "God bless whom?"

"Mary will learn, mayhap, some day that she should not inquire into others' conversation." The wife of Elder Brewster looked a bit stern as she gave this proof.

"I meant no harm," the girl faltered. "But I thought it might be the baby you meant — Oceanus."

"It was the baby," Mistress Winslow reassured her.

Mary brightened. "Then I say, God bless him, too. He's such a dear. Desire and I together made a rhyme, and every time that we repeat it, he goes straight to sleep. 'Tis this:

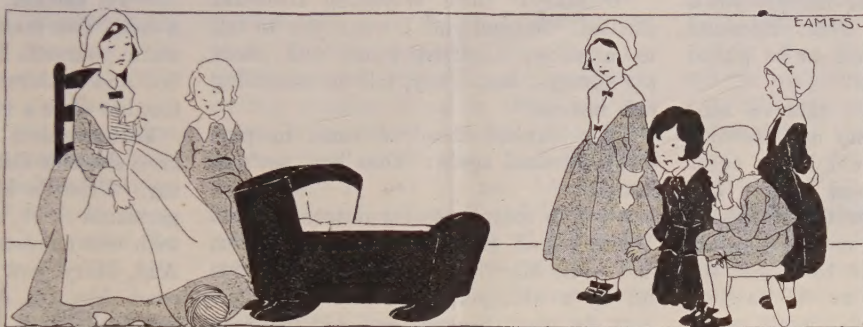
"Oceanus Hopkins, he,
Though born on ship at sea,
Is good as a baby can be!

"We feared," she added swiftly, "that the metre was at fault, but truly he likes to hear us say it."

The mother of Oceanus nodded. "Methinks my infant is in a way to be spoiled, with maids galore all begging to hold

THE PILGRIMS' WASH-DAY

By Ruth Kathryn Gaylord



*With one foot rocking Oceanus's little hooded Dutch cradle,
Mary told her story.*

him and rock him and chant him to sleep. Ah, well, he should have some compensation. 'Tis not a pleasant time for a baby to enter this world — on board a storm-beaten ship in mid-ocean. Thank God, we are in harbor at last, though it be nearly a mile to the shore.

"When our men return from exploration, we will make demand that we be carried in the shallop to the land ourselves. And then, as we have agreed —"

"Mary!" called her mother from a distance, "Mary, I have work waiting here for you! Come quickly, child!"

"'Tis always thus it happens," Mary told her companions later. "If ever I think I am about to learn the secret, someone is sure to call me, or they change the course of conversation."

"Constantia Hopkins thinks it is some pleasant plan with which they mean to surprise us, once we reach the land."

"Constantia then may change her opinion," Mary answered gloomily. "It sounds to me more like a punishment. They said today it was 'high time' the thing were done, and Mistress Allerton spoke especially about how many clothes her children soiled."

Remember Allerton's eyes grew big. "You heard my mother —?"

"See, now," Desire broke in; "here comes Priscilla Mullins. I shall ask her outright. She will tell us."

Priscilla had paused on her way toward them to speak with John Alden, the young cooper who had been hired at Southampton of necessity but who was already becoming a favorite with them all.

"Priscilla, hasten!" they urged her. "We want to ask —"

In broken sentences, they told her what little they had heard, and how much more they had not heard, and begged her to solve their riddle.

"That will I," she promised; "though I warn you, 'tis naught to excite you. On Monday, provided our men are returned, as they should be before Sabbath — on Monday, our mothers are meaning to go ashore with their clothes and their kettles, and wash!"

"And shall we go, too?"

Priscilla nodded. "We shall all of us, saving the smallest. The boys must gather fuel for the fires, and you will spread the clean garments on the sand to dry. Methinks 'twill be a celebration — Wash-day in New England!"

Excitedly, they all agreed. "What fun to set foot on the great new continent — and spy, mayhap, some savages!"

"Nay, nay!" Eleven-year-old Constantia shivered. "I care not to see them at close range. The men will go, Priscilla, will they, to protect us with their firearms?"

"Of a surety," the older girl comforted. "There'll be no danger, only hard work, building fires and lugging water in this chill November weather."

The girls paid little heed to this. When Priscilla had gone on, they still hung over the railing, pointing off toward shore, where a dim line of sand and forest showed, and wondering if that spot were destined to be their home.

Constantia was inclined to criticize. "The shoals look dangerous to me. I

should rather live beside a canal like those we left in Holland."

"Nay," Mary disagreed. "I never liked those lazy, slow canals. Holland was stupid, anyhow. Methinks this new —" she broke off sharply, noting tears in Desire Minter's eyes. "Forgive me, sweet-heart! You were fond of Leyden, that I know." In her eagerness to atone, she added swiftly: "The canals did well enough when there was shipping on them."

"Do not speak about it more. I — I cannot bear to have you." Desire was gone, with head held high and eyelids winking fast to hold back tears.

Mary gazed after her. Homesickness always puzzled her. It seemed that her efforts at comfort had but made matters worse. She turned the subject swiftly. "Methinks, Elizabeth Tilley, if you lean much harder against that railing, you'll fall overboard even as John Howland did in the ocean and have to be pulled up with hooks as he was!"

It was no wonder that after a nine weeks' voyage in the damp and crowded ship, the passengers should be so eager now to step again on solid land. Impatiently, they waited for the return of the sixteen men who under Captain Standish had gone ashore to choose the most suitable spot "for an habitation."

When finally they came, "both weary and welcome home," the company gathered around to hear of their adventures. They were not entirely satisfied, it seemed, and many favored sailing across the bay in a different direction to look farther for an ideal location.

The women however demanded their wash-day. On Monday, many eyes searched anxiously the cold New England sky. By the time early breakfast was over, the majority decreed that between the sunlight, pale though it was, and the wind which was blowing, their clothes must surely dry. With one accord, the young people sprang to make ready.

Mistress Brewster's voice delayed them. "It has not been decided who shall remain on the ship with the smallest children. Mistress White is frail and though she stays on board must not have so much care upon her. 'Tis a question who best shall remain — the girl who will be trustworthy. Desire Minter, will you?"

The girl who was chosen dropped her eyes and answered respectfully, "If that be your wish, Mistress Brewster."

Unconsciously, the others drew long breaths of sheer relief. To stay on the *Mayflower* all day, cook the meals, care for Mistress White, and amuse the restless children — that was not so hard in itself; but not to be among the crowd who landed for the first time in the new world, not to feel again the pressure of sand beneath your feet, not to be able to say afterward that you had helped on

that first Monday's washing — that was indeed denial.

Mary had heard Desire's little gasp, had seen the moment's disappointment flash across her face, and she opened her lips to protest — Desire must have this one bit of fun; she must go ashore. But if she went, who might better stay? Mary knew the answer to her question. With head held high, she went in search of Mistress Brewster.

A half hour later, the shallop pushed off with its load. At the railing, Mary waved cheerfully to Desire, but she was only human. Before the long day was half over, she sighed wistfully. "I do believe," she confessed to herself, "that I might desert, if I so much as had a chance; 'tis fortunate I have none. All my grand courage is long since vanished."

"O Mary!" little Wrestling Brewster shrilled. "Samuel and I want you to tell us a story. Resolved wants one about the savages, but, Mary, tell us something else instead."

Four-year-old Resolved came in person to demand again: "One 'bout sav'ges, Mary!"

As if to complicate her dutes, Mistress White asked then for drinking water, and while Mary fetched it, baby Oceanus set up a whimper. Following her wherever she went, a small boy still insisted: "Sav'ges, Mary!"

His mother heard him. "Oh, do hush, Resolved!" To Mary, she said, "He's bothering you exceedingly. 'Tis my fault. Had I let him go as he desired — but I was fearful he might fall into the water, or get burned in someone's fire, with me not there to watch him."

"To be sure, he is much better off where he is," Mary smiled, "if it be at my heels! Dost think you might sleep, if I keep the children at a good distance?"

With one foot rocking Oceanus' little hooded Dutch cradle, and with both hands knitting swiftly on a gray stocking, Mary told her story. She decided on a juvenile version of the tale Captain Standish's sixteen men had told of their adventures that very week.

There were savages in it, as Resolved had decreed, but, like Standish's Indians, they had fled with their dog at sight of the strange white men. There was mystery, too, concerning the red and blue and yellow ears of corn found hidden in a kettle underground, and which the men had brought home "to be paid for when they found the owner." And there was humor in the episode where William Bradford had stepped accidentally into a trap set for deer, and had been extricated by the help of his mightily amused companions.

At this point in her story, Mary put out a hand to keep little Francis from clambering up into John Carver's favorite chair. With hand outstretched she

paused and listened. Surely she heard voices, and the splashing of oars, then louder voices.

"Is it sav'ges coming?" gasped little Resolved.

For one wild second, Mary could not answer. Then she realized what was happening. "Nay, nay," she comforted, "'tis our people coming back from shore. Run, Wrestling, see if your mother be among the first."

The leaders trooped in presently. "'Twas bitter cold," they all complained, "and 'twas the good part of an hour ere the men got the fires hot enough for use."

"None the less," Mistress Winslow's sweet voice broke in, "we accomplished much. 'Twas a good day's work to my mind. The wind dried rapidly —" She coughed a bit.

"'Tis certain, though, you have taken a cold. You must get at once to bed and warm yourself. Mary here has the supper hot and waiting for us. Assuredly, she, too, has done a good day's work."

Embarrassed, Mary slipped away, but soon she met Desire. Her eyes were shining. "Priscilla Mullins let me spread the garments that she washed. We raced with one another, who might finish first. And, Mary, you should see the sand. 'Tis much like the downs of Holland. Mayhap I shall yet be happy here as I was once in Holland, and before that, years ago, in England. I am glad of that sand; it felt like home to my feet."

"Dost speak of sand?" It was Priscilla's gay voice. "Look you here, my Mary, what I have brought you — sand a plenty from the new world, here inside my slipper!"

Desire moved closer. "Mary, I should thank you —"

"Nay, do not," Mary begged. "I have my own reward. This day, 'tis certain the baby smiled — the first time he has done so."

"None the less," Priscilla stated, "Elder Brewster says, when next we go ashore, you shall be among the first."

Mary flushed. She was not used to praise. Bending over the cradle, she chanted:

"Oceanus Hopkins, he,
Though born on ship at sea,
Is good as a baby can be."

Another line she added on the inspiration of the moment:

"And Oceanus smiled at me!"

Pilgrims' Sabbath

BY PAUL J. McCANN

'Tis Sabbath morn,
The Pilgrims' all
To meetinghouse are going;
Their heads held high
And hearts raised up
To God, the Great-All-Knowing.

TIMOTHY looked up from the boat he was making as a series of bumps, followed by a final thud, announced that one of the Garowskys had fallen down stairs. Shriill wails ensued, then the voice of Mrs. Garowsky from the landing above in indignant protest. Timothy opened the door a crack and peeped out to see Minnie Garowsky picking herself up tearfully, as her mother descended the stairs, still indignant and still protesting against her offspring's performance.

Timothy closed the door and returned to his task. His mother, pushing back an untidy wisp of hair with a futile gesture, complained, "I wish the Garowskys wouldn't make so much noise. You make enough to nigh drive me crazy, without havin' any more."

"They don't fall down stairs a-purpose, Mom," defended Timothy loyally, overlooking the personal allusion. He knew what his mother's grievance was, for in the periodic descent of the little Garowskys it was always the baby who brought up the rear, and this Mrs. Downs resented. She now answered fretfully, "Mebbe they don't and mebbe they do, but I wish they'd send the baby down first and be done with it. It's waitin' for him to come bumpin' down last that gets on my nerves."

"He sure disappointed you this time, Mom," grinned Tim.

"Well, I thought he was a-comin'," grieved Mrs. Downs, so it was just as bad. Oh me! I don't feel so well today, Timmy, — I don't know what is comin' to become of us."

In view of the fact that Timothy had never known his mother to feel as well as he had the day before, he said nothing. Hope had no part in the horoscope of his respected parent, and the lack of it had left its imprint upon her face, which drooped at all its corners in a manner most disheartening to behold. Timothy could not help comparing her to brisk, energetic Mrs. Garowsky, who though she scolded from morning till night, yet managed her noisy brood with a tireless optimism that invested their home-life with glamour and interest.

Mrs. Garowsky admired Timothy and held him up to her offspring as a shining example, with annoying regularity. That they did not all heartily hate Tim was proof of his sterling qualities. True, he and Joseph Garowsky had periodic fights, and Tim teased the younger ones to the point of tears,

Timothy's Luck

By Laura Amsden Fowler

since his animal spirits had to find vent some way. But no ill-will was felt; no one ever held a grudge against Timothy.

It is a cold, unfeeling world that allows a boy of twelve not even one chance on a turkey raffle, and Timothy rebelled against the injustice of it. Only twenty-five cents a chance, and he couldn't buy one. Every time he walked by the store where the big sign was displayed, it pulled him up short. There it was in great black letters on a strip of white stretched across the window:

14 LB. TURKEY GIVEN AWAY.
ONLY 25 CENTS A CHANCE!

With his nose flattened against the pane Timothy hungrily visualized the turkey roasted brown in the pan, with stuffing exuding from its sides, and delicious brown gravy swimming in a bowl. It made his mouth water just to think of it. But it was no use, his mother needed warm underwear and he had to have shoes, to say nothing of the pressing requirements of daily food.

Rose Arden, passing at that moment on her way home from a visit to her sick aunt, caught sight of Timothy's wistful face and paused beside him. She saw the

sign, guessed the boy's longing and asked pleasantly, "Son, would you like to earn enough to buy a chance on that turkey?"

Timothy looked up, startled, into her friendly face. Rose, not waiting for him to answer went on; "I know an old lady who is sick, and needs some one to build her fire mornings and carry up wood and coal. She would give you fifty cents a week to do it."

The boy's eyes glowed. "Bet yer life I will," he said eagerly; "lead me to it."

The old lady, who turned out to be Rose's aunt, eyed Timothy with critical gaze. She especially noted his shoes and issued her ultimatum. "No mud tracked in, mind. I won't have my house all messed up." Timothy promised to wipe his feet, and the bargain was made. His mother was glad of his new job, but her chronic hopelessness cast a shadow over even this. Mrs. Garowsky beamed with delight when Tim leaped up the stairs to tell her his good fortune, rescuing, at the top, the baby who was just in the act of tumbling headlong.

"O Timmy! It could to be awful fine!" the admiring lady exclaimed. "Sooner you should to be some day rich!" and a smile beautified her homely face.

"If I win the turkey," said Tim, hopping up and down excitedly, "I'll have you and the kids down to help eat it."

"Ah, Timmy, ye're a good boy. I likes we should come," sighing wistfully.

With the advent of Timothy into her life, Rose Arden found her whole viewpoint of life changing. She had never known boys, and Tim presented an ever-new program of interest. She was obliged to intercede for him with her aunt, who complained of the noise he made clattering up and down the stairs. But Tim couldn't walk, hopping up and down and vaulting over banisters was so much quicker and easier. The only time he was ever still was when he was whittling on his boats of which he had a whole fleet.

Rose made the excuse of finding out how Timothy was getting along, to go to see his mother, and during her first visit the three youngest Garowskys fell downstairs. She rushed out, expecting to find broken bones and bloody noses, but Jacob got up with an unmoved face and stared at her unwinkingly, while Mary, apparently none the worse for her tumble, picked up the baby whose whimper stopped as Rose took him in her arms. This was her introduction to the Garowskys,



"The lucky number is thirty-two."

and a real friendship was formed between her and the head of the family. Bundles of outgrown clothes appeared mysteriously from time to time, to be made over for the growing tribe; and discovering that Mrs. Garowsky was a famous cake-baker, Rose told her friends, and the happy lady soon had all she could do to supply the demand.

Timothy was apprised of all this by the grateful Mrs. Garowsky, who took a new lease on life, and began scrubbing the faces of her offspring to have them shining when Rose came. In time this cleaning process extended to the stairs up which Rose climbed to their door, and the first time this happened, the slippery incline saw a whole cascade of little Garowskys sailing to the bottom, winding up as usual with the baby.

Thanksgiving day drew near. Timothy had bought his chance on the turkey, and not a day passed that he did not go to the shelf in the kitchen, take the ticket down and study its magic figures, — 32! To the boy, the possibilities in the simple number had all the allure of Aladdin's Lamp. Of course his might not be the lucky number, but some one had it, and why not he?

His fire-building was proving a source of constant trial, for the old lady was determined to make a wooden boy out of him. Impossible. He creaked dismally up and down the stairs carrying coal and kindling, forgetting for the most part to wipe his feet, until reminded. But the minute his work was done he slid down the banisters with a whoop, leaving a baffled invalid upstairs, raging and helpless.

The night before Thanksgiving the "Drawing" took place in the grocery store, a scene of an excited and expectant throng of customers. Timothy was there early, his face shining from a generous application of soap, his eyes big with anticipation, his tongue running happily.

"I wish he'd hurry!"

"Lookit the guy with the shiner!"

"Hey, Micky! What's yer number? Mine's the lucky one — what'll you bet?"

"What time is it, Mister? Ten minutes yet — gee, I wish it was here!"

At last the time came. A sudden hush fell on the crowd as the grocer mounted the counter and held up his hand.

"Now, friends," he began, "you all know why we are here tonight. A fourteen-pound turkey is to be given away to the winner of the lucky number." He lifted a little girl and set her on the counter beside him. "All the numbers are in this box," shaking it, "and this little girl will have her eyes blindfolded and draw out the lucky number. There will be no trick about it, friends; every one can see that it's fair and square."

In a silence that fairly shrieked, the child was blindfolded. She put her hand gropingly in the box, fluttered her little

fingers and drew forth a ticket. Every one waited, breathless. The grocer took the bit of pasteboard from her hand and read:

"The lucky number, ladies and gentlemen, — is —," pausing dramatically — "*thirty-two!*"

Timothy knew it was a dream. Things didn't happen like that except in books. Then he woke to hear the grocer shouting, "Any one here have number 32?" — and then Tim held up a shaking hand.

"Let's see it, sonny; bring it here," commanded the grocer, and Timothy went forward as though he were an astral body propelled by some unknown force.

"Here's the lucky number, folks! Thirty-two wins the prize turkey! What's your name, my boy? Timothy Downs. Ladies and gentlemen, *Timothy Downs wins the prize turkey!*"

How he ever got home with that turkey, even though assisted by Joseph Garowsky, Tim never knew; and when he burst in on his mother with the joyful news, and she gazed with astonished eyes at the royal bird, for once in her life she was floored.

"We'll have all the Garowskys down to help eat it, Mom," gloated Tim. "We'll piece out the table with the ironing board and some boxes so'st to make it long enough, and borrow Mrs. Garowsky's big bread pan to roast it in."

His mother recovered from her stupor. "I don't know as I can dress it, Timmy," she began, but a voice boomed from the doorway. "I ain't got a 'fraid to fix the turkey, Timmy," and Mrs. Garowsky appeared, flushed and breathless. "I likes I should do it even."

What a wonderful time it was! When Rose came the next day with a great dish of cranberry jelly for the dinner, the table, eked out by the ironing board, supported somewhat shakily by soap-boxes, was set in grand style, and a delicious odor issued from the kitchen. The room was running over with little Garowskys who were amusing themselves by quarreling over where each one was to sit.

Timothy, his eyes like stars, dragged Rose to the oven to admire the turkey, resting in golden beauty in its nest of oozing gravy, and showed her the huge mound of mashed potatoes ready to take up. Then he led the little Garowskys in a mad race around the table, until his mother was in a state of near-collapse.

Rose helped with the final preparations, saw the prize bird in regal splendor adorn one end of the festal board, and assisted in the somewhat difficult task of seating all the little Garowskys "next to the turkey."

Just as every one was seated and the happy event was about to be consummated, Mrs. Garowsky suddenly threw up her hands and exclaimed, "The

baby! He was yet sleeping! I could to forget the baby even!"

"I'll go get him," offered Timothy, jumping up. At that moment a series of soft bumps was heard outside, a thud and a wail, and the Garowsky baby arrived at the bottom of the stairs.

The Last Leaves

BY CHARLOTTE NEWCOMB PARKER

The lovely leaves of early fall

Have vanished from our sight,

But dry brown oak leaves still remain

To dance for our delight.

The brown leaves are like little elves

A-dancing on the street;

They seem to skip and whirl about

On tiny "fairy" feet.

Whole troops of them go frisking by,

At "Hide-and-Seek" they play,

Till laughing breezes hunt them out

Then whisk — they dash away!

Dance on, my merry little folk!

For soon Old Mother Snow

Will wrap you in her blankets white

And off to sleep you'll go!

My Sentinel

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

Right beside my cot I put my gray flannel bunny,

My gray flannel bunny with the pink-tipped nose;

His ears are big and long, which you might think funny —

But they're best for hearing fairies, I suppose.

For right beside my cot, where the lamp-light's yellow,

Where the lamplight's yellow from the street below,

Fiddler Johnny comes — he's an old fairy fellow —

And fiddles tunes that only fairies know!

Every night he plays there, but only Bun can hear it,

Bunny with his long ears — and he tells me —

Tunes to make your toes tap, dancing tunes — it's clear it

Must be magic music, don't you see?

He wears a coat of green, and his face has lines no end on,

Lines that only smiles leave — his pointed shoes are red;

I'd like to stay awake — but *can't* — so I depend on

My gray flannel bunny by my bed!

A school-teacher once asked a boy if he could name an important city in Alaska.

"No, m'm" replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher.



THE CROW'S NEST

By
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

Text: Oh that men
would praise God
for his loving-kind-
ness, And for his

wonderful works to the children of
men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul,
and the hungry soul he filleth with good.
— Psalm 107: 8-9.

THURSDAY, November 25, 1926 —
Thanksgiving Day! and Christmas
just one month away! What are
we going to be grateful for in the twelve
months past and in the one month ahead?
Sometimes we lose the holiday in the
feast. I mean that at some festivals we
have so many parades to see, or places
to go and food to eat, that we are likely
to forget just what we are being happy
about. This is what I call "losing the day
in the feast."

But if we are likely to be thoughtless
about the REAL meaning of our holi-
days, there is one sure way to cure our-
selves. Here is the secret: Remember
the word "holiday" started as two words,
like this, "holy day." We have changed
the "y" to an "i" and have shortened
the sound. The second part of this
secret is to remember that every holiday
must have had some real reason for its
being set apart as a "holy day." There
must have been something that happened
before the first of a series of anniver-
saries to make our forefathers set that
day apart and call it by a special name
and celebrate it each year. Did you ever
think of this — of how holidays start?
See if you can fill in 100 per cent the
name of the event that we celebrate on
these anniversaries:

January 1
February 12
February 22
April 19
May 30
July 4
October 12
November 11
December 25

Each one of these nine holidays started
with some big event and then there was a
celebration. But, years later, we are
likely to get the cart before the horse!

Thanksgiving began with the Pil-
grims' feeling of gratitude for God's
protection — for their safety in a
strange land, for good crops, for friendly
Indian tribes, for good health. I have
no doubt that the first Thanksgiving was

the greatest Thanksgiving — when the
day meant more than it ever has since.
Wouldn't it be thrilling — and the best
thing in the world for us, too — if we
could forget automobiles, and radio, and
paved streets, and street lights, and
movies, and snug brick houses, and warm
stoves, and fly back over 305 years to
the little settlement of log houses on the
shores of Plymouth Harbor where Gov-
ernor Bradford called his people to-
gether for a three days' feast with the
friendly Indians.

Just close your eyes for a minute.
Can't you see the Pilgrim fathers and
the Pilgrim mothers and the tall In-
dians sitting around the tables! And I
think that the Pilgrim boys and girls
must have had a part in the good time,
too.

So if we can get back to the spirit
of the first Thanksgiving and carry it
down 305 years to next Thursday we
shall really thank God for all that our
great country has become since those
days of the little Pilgrim colony, for all
that our church, and home, and school,
and friends have meant to us and for all
that they will make of us.

Aren't you and I the luckiest young
people in the world? We can surely sing
with all our hearts:

"God is good and therefore king."

Doll Messengers of Friendship

The Committee on World Friendship
Among Children has a plan for promot-
ing understanding and good-will between
America and Japan. The people of
Japan have a beautiful family custom
called the "Hina Matsuri," Festival of
Dolls. It comes each year on the third
day of the third month (March). On
that day each family brings out of its
ancestral treasure house the dolls of
mothers, grandmothers, and preceding
generations for a renewal of acquaint-
ance. They are placed on a table in ser-
ried ranks for inspection and compari-
son. The little girls, and older ones, too,
dress in gala costumes, and not only en-
joy their own ancestral dolls but also
visit and enjoy those of their neighbors.
A choice doll may on this day be added
to the happy family circle to be passed
on to succeeding generations.

The Committee proposes to children
in the schools and families of America:

1. That they get acquainted with the
beautiful custom of Japan's Doll Festi-
val, learn something of Japan's love for
children and home, and so begin to know
Japan.

2. That they send thousands of dolls to
visit the doll families of Japan and to
serve as Messengers and Ambassadors
of good-will and friendship.

The dolls cost \$4.00 each, one dollar
covering the doll's "steamer and railway
ticket and passport" (the expense of
sending to Japan). In the public schools

of Japan there are about 4,500,000 girls
six to fourteen years of age. It is hoped
that the children of the United States
will send to Japan not less than 100,000
dolls. Would not some of our church
schools like to have a part in carrying
out this project? Full information con-
cerning it may be obtained from Mrs.
Rosalie Ashton, Director Doll Travel
Bureau, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York
City.

Church School News

The Senior Department of the Church
School at Cleveland, Ohio, numbering
about seventy, meets on Sunday morn-
ings in the church auditorium as a Junior
Church. The opening service of worship
follows very closely the order of the
church service, a part of each morning's
program being given to a brief sermon-
ette on a topic of especial interest to
young people. Members of the group
take part in the service, reading the
prayer or the Scripture.

Alumni Sunday was observed by the
School of the Church of the Disciples,
Boston, on November 7, when all per-
sons who had at any time been connected
with the school were especially urged
to be present. A series of "Seeing Bos-
ton" trips, for members of the school,
will be conducted during the year by the
new principal, Mr. Arthur D. Nash.

In the October calendar of the First
Protestant St. John's Church, Cincinnati,
Ohio, the names of 71 members of the
school are given as having a perfect at-
tendance record for the month of Sep-
tember, — "a marked improvement over
September of last year."

A Catechism

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

Did you ever in your life hear a catbird
purr?

Are the baby birds kittens? Do they all
wear fur?

Will they ever drink milk?

Could they ever catch a mouse?

Would they grow as tame as pussies,

If you took them in the house?

Do they all cat-nap when the summer
days are long?

Does a cat-nip spray make them bubble
into song?

These are really puzzling questions,

So a kitten's best for me,

And I'll leave the mewing catbird

In his own green tree.

Why He Got the Job

One day when Dad was a boy, he ap-
plied for a job in a wall-paper shop, in
the window of which was a sign say-
ing, "Boy wanted."

The owner of the shop said, "Well,
son, if I should give you the job, what
would be the first thing you would do?"

Dad said, "I'd take down that sign."

And Dad got the job. — *Liberty.*

The Stairway in the Cliff

By Mabel S. Merril

CHAPTER FIVE

THEN he laughed a little and winked at Luke who stood with his mouth wide open. Next instant the folds of the cloth had dropped together and the face had vanished. They stood on the shore and watched the queer craft glide out of sight like a moving shadow on the water.

"It was that man who was paddling, of course," whispered Isabel. "I don't like to think that our new pal is in league with a great tall pirate who won't let us see his face."

"Well, we might look at it the other way round," suggested Peter cheerfully. "That is, if the great tall pirate is in league with a good fellow like Alan maybe they're both all right. But I hate to think they may be hunting and searing our birds. I've seen two sandpipers running along the shore and it's just the place for wild duck to nest in these water-side tangles."

"Well, anyhow, they've left the island behind 'em," suggested Luke. "Why can't we go and take possession of it right now?"

It was only a few yards to the shore of the fairy island, and the water was not deep. Besides, Peter and Isabel were both good swimmers in case anything happened. Peter made the raft of small logs bound together with tough green withes which he cut in a thicket.

When the raft had landed them safely on the fairy island they found the place even prettier than they had expected. They decided to settle down there and stay till it was time to go home to supper, and that need not be very early.

There was one tall pine on the island, very old and with many dead branches. But it still stood up like a strong tower. The four sat very quietly in the shade of this pine, thinking that perhaps the black-draped boat would come back if the voyagers thought their pursuers had gone home. Isabel had held fast all this time to that big box of blueberries and they feasted on the fruit as they waited.

The black-draped boat did not come, but something else did. From somewhere overhead a great white bird came sailing down like a giant snowflake out of the sky. Peter thought he was surely dreaming as it alighted among the lily pads at the edge of the water, for it was a white heron, a bird known to be very rare in these parts. It stood where they could see it plainly through an opening in the bushes. It was so near that they could see the soft edge of a ruffled feather on its breast and the gleam of its eye as the long neck turned this way and that.

Peter noiselessly unslung the camera he always carried. It had been given him

as a prize when his pictures got first award in an amateur photographers' exhibit.

They sat as quiet as mice in the thicket while Peter snapped that beautiful bird twice with his prize camera. Then the heron alarmed by the slight noise, rose on his long white wings and sailed up into the top of the pine. Peter pushed the raft ashore and climbed the bank so quietly that he got three more "shots" at the bird while it sat in the full rays of the westering sun at the summit of that towering tree.

"There, I used my last film on him, anyway," said Peter with deep satisfaction. "What do you see in that clump of weeds, Rosette?"

The small girl, who was on her knees peering into the clump, looked up with wide eyes. "It's a little bit of a chicken just like a ball of fluff. How did it get lost away out here, Peter?"

This was a question, for they were at least a mile from the nearest farmhouse.

"It can't be a chicken," laughed Peter; but Rosette was creeping forward on hands and knees towards that clump of weeds. She picked up the ball of fluff and sprang back to show it to Peter.

Peter examined the tiny thing with interest. It was a baby sandpiper and he had been hurt in some way. One of his legs was nearly helpless.

"That's why he couldn't run away with his brothers and sisters," explained Peter. "Baby sandpipers run before they fly, you know. Take him home with you, Rosette, and we'll doctor him up."

They made a soft bed of grass in the bottom of the empty berry box and put the little bird in it. Rosette would let no one else touch that box, though it was so big that she could hardly grasp it with her two arms. She was carrying it carefully when they started for home, but she almost forgot her precious burden when, halfway across the pasture, they met Alan Hunter.

"My," she exclaimed as she stared at him; "you went off in a boat with a hood on it and here you are in the pasture!"

Alan laughed. "The boat with a hood on it took me out of the brook into the river and down to the steps below the Captain's house. I stopped there to tell him that I'm going away for a few days. Don't forget to call on him this evening. Those two old people are feeling pretty down-hearted to think they must leave their home. The grocer cousin at Oldwood is coming over some night after the store closes to carry them off in his truck."

"We meant to call, anyway," Isabel assured him. "I only wish we had found that bag of gold to take to them. How

nically that would settle everything! No more fear of being carried off in grocery trucks if they had that lost treasure!"

A shadow crossed Alan's face. From the minute he heard the story of the lost nuggets he had been wild to find them, and had half believed he could.

He was turning away with a nod of farewell when they surrounded him and demanded when he was coming back.

"Oh, not for as much as three days, probably. My father has to be away on business for a while and mother doesn't like staying in the house with only the little folks."

"It will be an awful long three days," grumbled Luke. "Say, where's the man who was with you in that funny tent thing that pretended not to be a boat?"

It was a question the two older ones had been longing to ask, but Alan's answer told them nothing, after all.

"He's gone on down river in the boat with a hood on it," explained their new friend with a grin. "Look here, would you mind promising me not to bother that man while I'm away? It puts him out awfully to have you follow him around."

"We don't follow him around," replied Isabel with dignity. "We keep running across him before we know he is there. We're not going to bother him if he doesn't bother us."

"Only we don't want him shooting our partridges," added Peter.

Alan's eyes opened wide and he looked curiously at the other boy. "That man doesn't shoot partridges nor anything else; don't you worry about that. He is perfectly all right, honestly he is. Though I suppose some of his ways would seem a bit queer to those who don't understand."

They parted with Alan and went tramping rather dismally down to the back door of their own house. The white-wash pails were thicker than ever, and Mrs. Strong said they were to be as quick as they could over their supper because she had a lot more work to do yet.

They finished their meal in a very few minutes, found a safe place for the baby sandpiper whose leg Peter had skillfully bound up; then they stole out of the unhomelike house and went down the dark river bank to the Bird's Nest.

The two old people looked sad and lonely. Isabel's eyes filled more than once as she saw Grandma Ferris glance about the room in a lost way as if she were bewildered at the thought of having to leave it. The Captain listened half absently to the jumbled story Luke was telling of the day's doings.

"No, I didn't see the boat with a hood on it," the old man assured them. "First I knew of Alan's being around anywhere was half an hour ago when he came up the steps from the river and knocked at this door. I've never seen that queer chap you tell about, though maybe

that's because I don't get far away from the dooryard these days. However, if Alan says the man is all right he must be some harmless critter that just has a notion to roost in trees. Thinks he's a henhawk, maybe, or something of that kind."

When they left the Bird's Nest to go home Peter invited the other three to go with him down to the village to deliver those bird films to the photographer to be developed.

"I want the finished pictures to show Alan when he comes back and after that I'm going to see if I can't win a money prize with them at some exhibit. Anyhow, they will prove to our bird club in the city that there is a white heron in these parts. A lot of the bird-seeing experts have been saying there was no such thing around here."

The village was not far away and Luke pointed out that it would be handy when they were "suffering" for ice cream cones. But tonight they only thought of getting home to bed after their exciting day.

The next three days were so dull that their homesickness grew worse every hour. Each morning they made haste to eat their breakfast and get out of the house before Mrs. Strong shooed them out with her duster, as one would shoo a flock of chickens. The pasture seemed lonely without Alan and they could not bear to go near the cabin in the pines. They did not even meet the "queer critter" again, though once or twice they caught glimpses of "the boat with a hood on it" gliding along under the bank below the Captain's house. The only comfort was that the grocer had not yet appeared with his truck to take the Captain and Grandma away; but that was not much comfort either, when they saw the two old people packing up their small belongings or sitting sadly in the sunshine at the door. Any day they might come back from the pasture to find them gone; that was the thought the four Tracys found so disturbing.

What helped them out most was to go over and camp all day on the Stairway in the Cliff. Rosette always took her old doll, Delinda May, and the baby sandpiper in a box Peter had lined with cotton for him. The box and Delinda May were tucked away safely in the Pearl Bedroom, that deep cubby-hole under a projecting rock about half way down the Stairs. They reposed there calmly while their little mother picked berries at the foot of the Stairway with Isabel and Luke. Peter generally sat at the top whittling a stick and listening for Alan's whistle from the cabin in the pines. Some day he knew he would hear it.

On the fourth morning he did hear it and called to the others in joyful excitement. The world seemed to have changed in an instant now that they knew Alan had come back. Peter had the

Thanksgiving

BY FRANCES HALL

For kindly eyes and tender hands,
For lips that smile though pity-wrung;
For arms outstretched in generous strength,
For burden-bearers every one —

For those who walk our laboring trail
And show us flowers by the way;
Who guide us where cool waters flow,
Who make more joyous each dark day —

For all those who our trials ease
With human kindness outpoured;
For those who mirror Thee on earth
With humble hearts we thank Thee,
Lord.

finished heron pictures in his pocket and he led the race through the pines to the little blue house.

Alan gave them a welcome that made them glow with pleasure.

"I've been on my toes to get back here," he announced; "there's so much I want to do. What you got there, Peter?" For the photographer was flourishing the bunch of pictures he had pulled out of his pocket.

"Well," began Peter, "maybe you're not as interested in birds as we are. You see we belonged to a dandy junior bird club back in the city where we used to live."

Alan eyed him in laughing amazement. "Not interested in *birds*!" he shouted. "Hand over those pictures, Peter Tracy and let's see what you have been up to." Then he added as he stared with widening eyes at the first photograph, "Look here, where did you see the white heron?"

There was no need to answer. It was impossible not to recognize the tall half-dead pine standing like a tower on the fairy island. On the pinnacle of the tower stood that big bird proudly upright in the full radiance of the sun. The pictures of the same bird standing in the mud among the water lilies on the shore was even better. They had been taken so close up that you could see the soft edge of that ruffled feather on the breast and the light in the watchful eye.

Alan put the pictures carefully together and slipped the whole bunch into his pocket. "I'll take care of them as I would of the Captain's bag of gold nuggets if I had it. But I've just got to borrow 'em, Peter, to show to somebody. I think I know about where to find him and you can come, too."

With that he turned and raced down the Pearl Stairway, the four Tracys at his heels.

(To be continued.)



THE BOOKSHELF

Books suggested by Miss Elsie L. Lustig.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK this year commenced on November seventh, and doubtless all of you have participated in some way. There are many new books as well as attractive editions of old ones, and you have probably had an opportunity of seeing these at your schools or in various libraries.

NUMBER FOUR JOY STREET is quite as fascinating as its predecessors, Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Joy Street. The table of contents is filled with familiar names such as Walter De La Mare, Laurence Housman, Lord Dunsany and many others. There are lots of poems and tales, one of my particular favorites being "The Legend of Lady Alisoun and the Golden Bird," written by Geoffrey Vickers and illustrated by Hugh Chesterman.

Speaking of illustrations and verses, how many of you have seen TONY SARG'S ALPHABET? A veritable medley of letters skipping about the outside jacket, and all sorts of figures peeping out between them. Inside the book, Tony Sarg has written a stanza for each individual letter. For instance, A is for "Alice in Wonderland," B is for "Beauty and the Beast," C is for "Charlie Chaplin," and so forth. Each, as I have said, with its respective verse. I just *had* to look at the old puzzler "X," because I always wonder if it is going to stand for "Xerxes" or "Xenophon." This time I was mistaken — Tony Sarg's "X" stands for "Xmas Carol!"

SKASKI, Tales and Legends of Old Russia, is one of the most beautiful books of this year. The tales are told by Ida Zeitlin, and the illustrations are by Theodore Nadejen. I know that you will like "The Sleeping Tsarevna and the Seven Giants," which is one of the stories. And do be sure to look at the colored picture illustrating "Kyrilo the Tanner." It is a stunning flamingo effect, very interesting and striking. Aside from the actual contents in this book, I think you cannot help feeling the perfection of the way in which it is printed, bound and illustrated. I hope you will all get a chance to see it.

A little while ago on the beach at the shore a boy was trying to catch a starfish in his net. He thought he had the fish, but suddenly all five "rays" were discarded by the starfish, and he slipped out between the meshes. Isn't that interesting? If you want a good book about clams and dolphins and eels and frogs and kindred subjects, read THE PERSONALITY OF WATER-ANIMALS, by Royal Dixon and Brayton Eddy.



THE BEACON CLUB

THE EDITOR'S POST BOX

WALKER PLACE,
CLINTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin. I should be glad if you would send me another. I am eleven years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. My mother is our teacher, and we are studying "God's Wonder World." We have three girls in our class, but we are trying to get three more. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I should like a member to write to me.

Sincerely yours,
PHYLLIS HILLNER.

"WOODSTOCK,"

VILLA NOVA P. O., PA.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and I go to Miss Wright's school. I go to a Unitarian Sunday school.

Yours sincerely,
LANSDALE OAKLEY.

R. F. D. No. 8.,
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am eleven years of age and am in the seventh grade. I go to the Unitarian Church of Schenectady. We are studying "Heroes of Israel." I am a Girl Scout and belong to Troop 7.

Sincerely yours,
HELEN HIRPON.

48 TUDOR ST.,
LYNN, MASS.

Dear Editor: I am eleven years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday School in Lynn. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Newhall. I like her very much. Our pastor's name is Mr. Ferrell. He tells us a story every Sunday morning. I have no brothers or sisters but I have many cousins in England and New Zealand. I hope to be a member of the Girl Scouts over at our church, as many of my friends belong and we should have many good times together.

Sincerely yours,
CHRISTINE M. WAITE.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.
OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

THE CUBS' COLUMN

Dear Cubs: Among the many things for which we are thankful at this season of the year are the fruits of the garden; so we are giving place in our column this week to Jennie Kribstock's clever and amusing poem entitled "My Garden."

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

My Garden

BY JENNIE M. KRIBSTOCK

My garden is like the human race
For my cabbages they have heads;
My watermelons all have hearts,
My small things grow in beds.

My onions, they have just a scent,
My summer squash are crooks,
My asparagus gives its tips
And like a highwayman shoots.

Be careful, now, just how you speak,
For my corn it has its ears;
My potatoes also have their eyes
But do not yet shed tears.

My cherries, they have blushing cheeks
Like young maidens in their prime;
My cauliflower have hairless heads
Like some men I have in mind.

My berries have as fine a taste
As any human tongue;
My cucumbers are like little kids,
They do so love to run.

I haven't those with arms or legs,
With fingernails or nose,
But soon I'm sure to have those, too,
For my tomatoes all have toes.

37 NORTH ST.,
MILFORD, N. H.

Dear Editor: I am a boy of nine years. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Our minister's name is Rev. Francis Daniels. I should like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin.

Your friend,
DANA GANGLOFF.

PUZZLERS

Enigma

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 2, 13, 11, 18, 21 is a girl's name.
My 9, 4, 6, 12 is a flower.
My 2, 20, 1, 4, 25 is an article of furniture.
My 9, 18, 24, 22, 5, 15, 6 is a part of speech.
My 27, 9, 1, 25, 18, 14, 23 is a bird.
My 16, 17, 3, 25, 14, 4, 19 is a city in Michigan.
My 26, 4, 7, 10, 11, 8, 17 is sickness.
My *whole* is a proverb.

E. O. S.

Vegetable Conundrums

1. What vegetable is found in every newspaper?
2. What vegetable keeps the time for a brass band?
3. What vegetable is a request?
4. What vegetable is that whose first syllable is what the small boy hates in grammar, and the second what the savage bulldog delights to do?
5. What vegetable is a public carriage, and what we all possess?
6. What vegetable is a pumpkin pie when it falls from the shelf?
7. What vegetable is that whose first syllable is what we ride in, and the second what all vegetables do?

Answers to Puzzles in No. 6

Enigma.—What good thing have I done this day?

Missing Vowel Block.—Mrs. Green sent me three new French serge dresses.

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 299 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 612 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.